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STANZAS,

ON A MOST INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY,

Written at the request of a friend.

DEAR Winning ! since you so desire,
That I once more should tune the lyre,
Of late untun'd so long ;
Thy own Melinda's praise I'll tell,
And with her bright perfections swell
The measures of my song.

With joy I'll still recall that night,
When first she met my eager sight,
I thought not then to find,
Though high her worth you had pourtray'd,
So bright, unparallel'd a maid,
In manners and in mind !

Her looks my first attention caught,
They shew'd a mind correct in thought,
Good natur'd, free, and warm,
And when she spoke, the pleasing tone,
Made every listening ear her own,
And we enjoy'd the charm.

Each sentence seemed to flow unsought,
And flow'd, with bright ideas fraught,
In elegance array'd ;—
Their stores the intellectual band,
Obedient brought at her command,
And lavish'd on the maid !

What signifies the boasted shew,
That makes the baughty beauty glow,
If empty be the mind !
Let such in gaudy splendor roll,
Melinda boasts the charms of soul,
And leaves them far behind !

In vain, my friend, to eyes like thine,
Can all their useless gliding shine,
You love the BETTER part ;
The maid who has a taste refin'd,
The maid who has Melinda's mind,
Alone can touch your heart.

Alone can touch your heart.
M^EERIN.

Larne, Aug. 15, 1810.

LAMBERT,

Or the Compassionate School-boy.

His heart, estranged from cruel sport, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing. BEATTIE.

" YOU will not entice me along,"
Said Lambert, Compassion's sweet child ;
To play-mates who pass'd in a throng
To plunder a nest on the wild.
" I must from such pastime refrain ;
My mother, who bless now receives,
Forbade me to sport with the pain
Of any one creature that lives.

" The mis'rabie bird," she would say,
" That droops o'er her desolate nest,
Shares grief great as mine, on the day
When bad men your brothers impress'd ;

The cock that for carnage they heel,
The bull that they bait with their hounds,
Can pain e'en as sensibly feel
As themselves when they strive and get
wounds.

When panting and smocking, the steed
Mid mire, foam, and gore scours the
plain,
Who but mourns that so noble a breed
By base man was tam'd to the rein ?
When the carter's club beats till he
groan,

The dumb drudge that sinks on the road,
Who but hopes, that on Barb'ry's coast
thrown,
Some savage that clown may o'erload ?

If a sparrow falls not to the ground
Unnoticed by pitying Heav'n ;
And a stupid ass speech strangely found,
By a hypocrite cruelly driv'n ;
What dovers who harmless herds stave,
What butchers, who torture protract,
Shock Heaven's kind eye—where the they
sweave—

Ne'er share in a similar act"—

" Though sots in our kind-hearted Isle"
To my sire, said our teacher this morn
" Defend each old custom though vile,
And name Pagan virtues with scorn ;
By *Pythag'ras*, the mild Grecian guide,
And the *Bramin* of India they're shamed,
Such saints would with famine have died
Ere they'd have one animal main'd."

Tho' life to remembrance I'll bring
These sentiments tender and just ;
Nor from insect of an pluck a wing,
Nor trample the reptile of dust.
" Nor we," cried the groupe, who with
shame

And joy, mix'd a smile with a blush—
A linnet with that homeward came,
But they turned from her sweet scented
bush. J.O.

Ballycarry.

AN EVENING PIECE.

BEHIND an envious cloud the sun de-
clines,
His parting ray the mountain top il-
lumes,
Slowly the empire of the day resigns,
And night encroaching, her dark reign
resumes.

A hazy mist enshrouds the mountain's
head,
And slow descending spreads along the
plain ;
The Western sky is ting'd with streaks of
red,
The vivid glow's reflected on the main,

The scene is painted on the water's face,
 There other hills, another sky is seen,
 The liquid lustre of the moon I trace,
 Which tinges soft the ocean's silky
 green.
 The white sail'd ships are scatter'd o'er
 the deep,
 The little painted boats are spread a-
 round,
 Silence and night do o'er the landscape
 creep,
 And scarce a breath disturbs the calm
 profound.
 Plantations thick are seen across the bay,
 White villas gaily interspers'd between.
 The contrast all the beauties does display,
 The rugged Cave-Hill terminates the
 scene. L.

A HYMN TO GRATITUDE ;

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER HALIDAY, M.D.

*Written in a bad state of health, which was
 expected by himself, and his friends, to ter-
 minate fatally.*

MY God, Creator, Father, Friend,
 Thou great ineffable, to thee I bend,
 With a devotion, warm, sincere ;
 Touch'd by a holy rapturous flame,
 I call upon thy blessed name,
 O hear me, hearer thou of prayer !
 Thy hand, that formed me in the womb,
 Conducts me gently to the tomb,
 Through thorns ; yet roses strew the way,
 I calmly look through death's dark vale,
 Nor then thy guiding hand shall fail,
 But lead me through, to endless day.
 When weak and helpless at my birth,
 I was not left alone on earth,
 But nurtured by maternal care ;
 A father, next, my rising youth,
 Preserved from vice, and filled with truth,
 The mind, he thought, expanding fair.
 What tho' my span's twelfth yearly round,
 Yet incomplete, no more the sound
 Was heard of his instructive voice ;
 I wept, yet not as without hope,
 Thou, God, wert still my stay and prop ;
 This made my wounded heart rejoice.
 Nor then of near protection left,
 The mourning mother yet was left ;
 From nature—by experience, wise,
 Fond to approve, yet firm to chide,
 And keep me in the path she tried,
 Which reacheth onward to the skies.
 A sister too, afflicted maid,
 Yet happy through Religion's aid,
 Taught me to raise to Heaven my eye ;
 Too long she taught me how to bear
 Sickness that wastes, and pains which tear,
 Too soon she taught me how to die.

*And one mild friend of human kind,
 Bless'd with pure elegance of mind,
 Led me o'er fields of classic lore ;
 †Another poured the Moral lay ;
 ‡A third the blaze of Freedom's day,
 Which dawn'd on my young breast before.
 Launched on the world's wide rolling wave,
 On high a pole star shone to save ;
 Virtue's fixed residence, and beaming
 bright ;
 Young eager Hope unfurled each sail,
 Attention watched the tide and gale,
 My trust in thee by day and night.
 Or if Seduction's siren song,
 E'er led me deviously among
 The shelves that lurk round pleasure's
 realm,
 From thee descending quick, Remorse,
 Roused Wisdom to resume her course,
 And seized, with steady hand, the helm ;
 Grave Science frowned not when I wooed,
 Nor with averted forehead stood,
 The Genius of those finer joys,
 Which thou hast placed in Fancy's train,
 Who the sad family of pain,
 Enchantress bland, to please employs.
 High those delights, but thou to higher,
 Rid'st human nature to aspire,
 When breathing in the heart a sense
 Of what is good, and fair and true,
 You wing, while it doth these pursue,
 Its pantings, with benevolence.
 Hence if through thee, I raised to health
 The sick, or shared my little wealth
 With those whom penury distress'd,
 Or sooth'd the soul that inly mourn'd,
 With gratitude my spirit burn'd,
 For then I felt supremely bless'd.
 The stores that swell the port of pride,
 To me thy bounty hath denied ;
 Far better boons that bounty sent,
 Where can ambition, avarice find,
 To plant their thorns, when fill'd the mind
 With independence and content ?
 My friends have fallen, on every side ;
 And graves, those dear connections hide,
 Who fenced and smoothened my noon tide
 path ;
 Yet blessed be thy holy will,
 Whether it comes to spare or kill,
 In pity ; stranger thou to wrath.
 Soon, soon shall I the train below'd,
 Now from my fond embrace remov'd,
 In the dark house of silence join ;
 Guides of my youth ! you wait me there,
 And, pardon, God, this gushing tear,
 I weep, yet hope I don't repine.

* Rev. Thomas Drennan. † Professor Hutchinson.
 ‡ William Bruce, esq.